

March 3, 2022

When I realized this that I can't feel safe here until everyone knows the whole story of what happened with Koenig, and that this conversation needed to happen soon, I knew I needed to first tell the other involved parties and get their permission. I have that permission now. In writing everything down for Jennifer Clinchy, who I had never brought this up with, I also realized that writing everything down was the only way I could tell you guys the whole story, without breaking down and stopping, skipping around erratically, or smoothing it over and pretending it's not that bad when I detect you guys getting scared or uncomfortable. This is extremely difficult for me.

In 2019, I broke up with my fiance after 7 years. I had known Dave online for about 10 years. He'd started sending me private messages and flirting with me when I was still married, and I had always assumed all of the mutual friends he listed were actually friends of his while he hovered and flirted. We'd met once in person, in 2018 at a trivia night with my then boyfriend and other friends when he moved to Seattle. When my relationship ended, he started back up with the flirting immediately, we face timed and got to know each other during the months leading into 2020, then he asked if he could come visit me in Utah. I ended up cancelling that. I thought that sounded very uncomfortable and a bit creepy, so we made plans to go to San Juan instead, get a suite with separate beds for the beginning and figure it out from there.

We arrived in Puerto Rico on March 12, 2020. This seemed really safe at the time. I wasn't counting on: a global pandemic, him being an actual psychopath, or how I would react to that. I was abused pretty severely as a young child by a similar type of person, and that very first day in Puerto Rico we were having a bottle of wine after

dinner and he lost his temper and went into a long rant about how Jennifer and Evans, who I had only vaguely heard of, were trying to ruin his life. It was horrifying. I don't know if any of you have seen him angry, but he was completely out of control. When he's like this he is yelling loudly, does not care who can hear him, his eyes go all dark and bulgy and unfocused and he shakes violently. It ends with "I'm writing a book proving it, and what I really want is for her to be so humiliated that she kills herself."

I don't know if you can understand why I reacted the way I did, but I really want you to, so I will keep typing. As a six year old, I could not escape or in any way stop what was happening to me. What I learned to do, was do a really good job of staying on the monster's good side, to the extent that I believed I was responsible for keeping them from getting angry. If I set them off, very bad things would happen to me. It was literally the only way I had to stay alive, and it worked. I got better, and was better for a long time. That didn't help me not snap right back in that state, it in fact made me vulnerable to people like him. Normal girls just run.

The trip was strange and punctuated by the world shutting down, and us being stuck together in a hotel with no open restaurants, etc. I assumed this would be the end of it all. Other than the obsessive need to help him calm the fuck down, I found I really didn't like him much in person. He showed zero interest in me as a human being, and was annoyingly self-centered and controlling. I honestly don't think he cared much for me either, other than this person makes me look good and doesn't run away while I flip out and say evil, crazy things.

When we get home to our respective apartments and a sudden unending lockdown, he does not move the fuck on. He continues to call me to cry and whine and

rant, and I am incredibly anxious about the world and everything, and continue to text him. I become increasingly sure it's my job to help him stop being this way. We're both already exposed to each other, so we decide he'll drive down and stay with me in Salt Lake.

The next 8 weeks were a surreal nightmare. In the beginning, in the daytime, he was the charming person I thought I was going on that trip with, but every night when he got tired he would turn into a whole other person, who I'd describe in my journal as Mr. Hyde, the shaking, shouting one, and I'd have to lie there listening for hours and hours while he shouted about how much this woman and her husband deserved to die and how he would want to carry that out. Sometimes the people who needed to die were the people who must have told lies about him last time he noticed that people don't like him, in DC. Sometimes it was his mother. Once it was a whole random tournament of Scrabblers he wanted to shoot down, because they didn't stop the Clinchys from lying about him or excluding him. I inquired if the people he considered his best friends were included, when they certainly weren't responsible, but he said they also deserved to die for not stopping Jenn and Evans. At one point, every single person who voted for Trump deserved death. Publicly and viciously, no matter why they decided to do that. [This part is not dissimilar to the Facebook threat against Darrel Day, which I think you're all familiar with.] He was never in control of himself during any of this, and would even yell this way at himself in the shower. He's incredibly delusional, and there's no arguing with any of it, but I kept believing I could make him see where the gaps were in his logic. He's supposed to be an exceptionally logical person.

I have listened to at least a hundred hours of insane murder fantasies at top volume right next to me. I could not make it stop, and I am not okay.

In the very last argument, he was insisting with absolute certainty that his moral judgment is infallible, which seals his place as the scariest person I've ever met. I won't let it go this time, because I NEED him to understand he does not have a right to torment others because of how he feels, but he can not get around it. He finally declares he is not in love with me.

This seemed like a really lucky break. I could just go, he could assume I was heartbroken, and he would just gradually forget I exist. I am still pretty sure he's going to kill someone someday, and all I could do was make sure it wasn't me. I was still looking at the whole thing as a story about this bad guy, Dave, and his victim, Jennifer. Like I was a bystander that, at best, had just witnessed something horrible, or at worst, was responsible for not stopping him.

Two years have gone by of me telling him to leave me alone, and that I do not want to be friends with him. He finds a new way to get access to me over and over again. Every few months, I think it's over and he contacts me again.

I told Conrad when we let CoCo club ban Dave, because I was afraid I would be blamed for not fixing it and making them let him play. He panicked and we had to bring Jesse in to help him see my point of view, that if the truth about what he is and said got out, I would be the only possible source of that information, and I was terrified I'd become the center of Dave's conspiracy theories. They agreed to do whatever I needed to feel safe and NOT tell everyone what happened.

In New Orleans, I was pretty anxious, particularly because only those two Scrabblers understood any of this. Conrad wouldn't be on site, and Jesse Day had to cancel due to Covid at the last minute. On the first day, I started to relax significantly when I realized Dave wasn't acknowledging my existence at all. Unfortunately, I was coming back into the hotel after lunch and held the door open for someone coming up the stairs behind me. It was him, and he said "Oh! I didn't recognize you with that hair."

This sounded promising, like he must not be concerned about me at all, if he doesn't remember what I look like. But after that he started hovering wherever I was talking to friends, like we were friends and he was waiting for me. Or trying to convince people we were still friends? I couldn't tell what in the hell he was doing other than making me scared. On Sunday, I won a game too fast and headed out to the hallway to watch the Twitch stream. He followed me out, made a little small talk, and then launched into a rant, accusing me of all kinds of things, it was the same rage with the shaking and bulging eyes, but he was keeping his volume low.

I am now responsible for the way people avoid him, because I've been playing CoCo tournaments, because I've supposedly been spreading the lies that this other married girl after/during me that he was stalking was supposedly spreading, for turning Conrad against him when he was sure they were such great friends after he posted his blog about Jenn, that I'm responsible for Woogles allowing CoCo club to exist, for letting them ban him from it, and so on.

I told him that I believe Conrad is protecting me, I tell him that I do think he's an actual psychopath, that I'm terrified of him, that I owe him absolutely nothing, and I asked him again to leave me alone.

At this point, his posture changed completely. He relaxed and sat back. I feel like he smiled, but who knows through a mask. “So you know. I feel more betrayed by you than by anything Jennifer and Evans did.” Which is the most terrifying thing he could possibly say to me. This is the threat. And I know it doesn’t sound like a threat out of context. And he knows that. And that’s why it was necessary that you hear all the back story.

I’ll say that again, so you understand it as I heard it and as I feel certain he intended it. It is very carefully worded: he forced me to listen to all of the ways and how badly he wanted the deaths of Jennifer and Evans for over a hundred hours. And then he told me to my face, that he now thinks that what I have done is worse.

I realized that I’ve been afraid for my life for 2 years, over and over certain I’m going to die at his hands, and have been dissociating for most of the time you’ve known me, telling myself this is a story about a psychopath, Dave, and his victim, Jennifer, and that it wasn’t about me. It would just go away if I ignored it long enough.

It will not. I immediately made an appointment with a trauma counselor from the airport, told Jesse and Conrad what happened, told you guys I need a break, and talked to Cesar. But I feel like I wasn’t clear, and he didn’t understand me, which is part of why I’ve written this all down and need to tell you all together. I’m still looking into a restraining order, but it’s very complicated and scary and involves a hearing WITH him every six months.

Which leads us to where we are today.

A couple weeks after I talked to César, Conrad, and Jesse, Dave is suddenly being added to the Friends of Woogles channel and submitting pull requests. I think that's resolved for now, but I have zero confidence it won't happen again. He WILL try to get you to make me let him have access to me. He WILL try to make it look like we're on good terms and it'll be fine, as he did last time. He's been doing it for years.

I need you to know what to do. If you don't feel willing, I cannot feel safe here and I need to know that now.

I am not asking that you believe that he is delusional and unhinged, that he's a psychopath, or that he will ever actually physically harm me, Jennifer, Evans, or anyone else. I'm not a psychologist, and I can't see the future.

If you consider me a friend, what I need you to believe is that -I- believe it. He is the scariest person I've ever met, and that includes my childhood abuser, who did not have the means to terrorize adults or get away with it.

If he reaches out, I do not care if you tell him you think I'm nuts, as long as that ends with "but she IS afraid of you, and it's NOT happening, man." PLEASE do not help him get access to me.

If you don't consider me a friend, but care about Woogles, I need you to understand that I cannot be working on this project in any way if he's associated with it. I believe this last try is an attempt to undermine my credibility and prove that I must not ACTUALLY be being terrorized if I continue to act civilly. But I'm pretty done acting civilly.

Woogles is extremely important to me. When I say I think it's how I can try to save the world, it is not hyperbole. I believe it. However, I know what we've built, the impact it's had already, and I know what we have done here cannot be undone. Moreover, I know what I contributed personally and I know this would not exist if I hadn't been part of it. Those of you who were here for the initial building and planning know this too. I will continue to work on the mission no matter what, but will be very, very sad if I cannot do that with you guys anymore. I can walk away to feel safe. I can also walk away if you think the potential drama and attention is hurting Woogles and the mission. Please let me know what you decide. I will send you each a link to the document I am reading from.

I'm remarkably okay with looking crazy. I'm not okay with being afraid forever.  
Thank you all for listening.

Account by Lola (Brianna) McKissen to her Woogles team (noted here by Steve Pellinen)